Across Time I've Traveled

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5512955.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Fallout 4
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Pre-Slash, Alternate Universe - Apocalypse, Alternate Universe - Fusion, Fallout AU, Community: hannibalkink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hannigram Fallout AU
Stats:	Published: 2015-12-24 Words: 939 Chapters: 1/1

Across Time I've Traveled

by Casey_Wolfe

Summary

When Will woke up it was 200 years in the future. Hunting for his stolen daughter Abigail, Will finds that even though the world has drastically changed, he still doesn't quite fit in it. Naturally that's when he meets Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

Filling my own prompt for the kink meme. No knowledge of the Fallout series required but would probably help. This is based off Fallout 4 in particular. This idea all came about because there is a new animal in the game called a radstag. Of course I immediately thought ravenstag and couldn't get this crossover idea out of my head. This is just a little thought I had in regards to how these two would work in this verse. Have a few other ideas rolling around in my head but not much else. Maybe if there's some interest I might do a series.

See the end of the work for more notes

When Will walked into Diamond City, all he could think about was how exhausted he was. He couldn't care less about the Reporter at the gates, Freddie Lounds, and her issues with Mayor Crawford. Rather he wandered into the market in search of food and a bed.

"You're new here," a silky voice with a foreign accent spoke at his shoulder. Will turned to find a man there, slightly taller than himself, looking rather put together with a white labcoat over his clothes. The man frowned as he looked Will over. "And you're injured."

"Huh?" Will looked down at his battered clothing, finding fresh blood. He shook his head. "Not mine. Some… scavenger. He attacked me out on the road."

That made the man's lips turn into the most subtle of smirks. "I assume he did not live to tell the tale."

"Didn't have much choice," was Will's answer, looking away at the bustling marketplace. He barely even noticed the glances thrown his way. People never knew what to make of him.

"All the same," the man continued, "I would like to have a look at you." When Will just looked at him, he explained, "I'm the doctor here."

"I don't have any… *caps* to pay with." Will found it strange to barter in such a commodity as bottle caps. There was pre-war paper money that had survived but it seemed no one was interested in it.

"No worries. This one is on me."

Will relented, following the man over to his stall in the market. "What's your name?"

"Forgive me. I'm Hannibal Lecter."

"Will Graham."

"Well Mr. Graham, you'll forgive my presumption of course, but you don't seem to belong in a place like this."

He couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. "You have no idea Dr. Lecter."

"Hannibal, please."

They went behind a curtained off area where Hannibal asked him to remove his crude armor and tattered shirt. "What brings you to Diamond City?" he asked conversationally.

Will frowned, sitting on the gurney used as an examine table. "I'm looking for someone."

Hannibal hummed, using a damp cloth to wash away some dried blood and grime to hunt for any injuries underneath. "That seems to be a common theme these days." He felt along the

bruised area of Will's ribs, apparently satisfied they weren't broken. "And who are you hunting for Mr. Graham?"

"Will's fine... And it's my daughter, Abigail. She was kidnapped."

"Oh." Hannibal appeared thoughtful. "I am sorry to hear that. Do you suspect the Institute?"

"I honestly don't know. Seems to be what everyone else I've met thinks."

"They *are* the boogeymen of the Commonwealth." Hannibal seemed amused as he turned away. "They are probably only responsible for half of what is blamed on them. They make a good scapegoat as it were."

"Well they're about the only lead I have right now."

Changing the subject, Hannibal offered, "You seem to be in relatively good shape. Just a few minor abrasions and cuts. I'll clean them out and tape those ribs so they don't end up further damaged. For someone living in the wasteland though, you are far healthier than most."

Will shifted uncomfortably. Hannibal's eyes narrowed a little in suspicion. "In fact," he continued, "better than anyone should be having traveled about on a quest."

"I haven't exactly been in the… *wasteland* long," Will admitted. When he managed to look at Hannibal, he found himself compelled to admit, "I've been sealed in a Vault."

Hannibal blinked in surprised. "A Vault? I thought they all had been emptied out long ago."

"Yeah, well…" Will rubbed the back of his neck.

The entire story ended up tumbling from his mouth; how he lived in Sanctuary Hills before the war and about adopting the young girl that lived across the street after her father murdered her mother and then had attempted to kill her as well. He told Hannibal about the day the bombs fell, about taking shelter in Vault 111 where they were cryogenically frozen. It was hard, but he pressed on to explain about the day he woke up and watched helplessly as some people dragged Abigail away, trapped within his own pod.

"I woke up again less than two weeks ago," Will finished. He had returned to Sanctuary Hills the sole survivor of that Vault. He went a few days before gathering what he could and traveling out into what was left of the world. Meeting various people along the way, his hunt for Abigail and her kidnapers had taken him in the direction of Diamond City, a settlement built in the middle of the old Fenway Park.

"Will, I… I don't know what to say." Incredibly, Hannibal believed his account though. "Perhaps you are right to think it was the Institute. Not just anyone could break through Vault-Tec security. And to only take Abigail? They must have been looking for her specifically, but why?"

Will shrugged. "I don't know what anyone would want with her. But I don't care." His hands clenched into fists. "I'm going to find her. And I'll kill anyone that gets in my way."

Hannibal actually smiled at that, a bit more feral than before. “And I’ll be more than happy to assist in your search.”

Will blinked. “Yo-you would?” He jumped a little as Hannibal worked to uncurl one of his fists. “Why?”

“Because I find you… fascinating.”

Will froze for a long moment, just watching Hannibal and feeling the long fingers run across the back of his now loose hand. “I don’t find you that interesting.”

That feral grin was back. “You will.”

/End

End Notes

Follow me on Tumblr.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!